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The Unless Press

Serving Greenville, Solla Sollew, and surrounding areas.

Issue 7, September 27

Upcoming Events

9/2/12	Once-ler/Lorax fandom celebrates its sixth month anniversary!
9/8/12	Greenville picnic to be held in Greenville square. Bring your own lunch. 12:30 PM.
10/01/12	Deadline of Bitter's online give-away. Save the date.
10/13/12	Start of upcoming panty raid. 5:00 PM EST.

Fun, Fiction, and Fans

Get ready for a jam-packed issue, because this week's edition of *The Unless Press* is packed full with content of all kinds! From fan fiction to even a Once-ler Wikipedia page, we explore a fair few aspects of the fandom that's sure to capture your attention.

As many of you may be aware, yesterday was the close in regards to accepting entries for the very first "Unless Press Fan Fiction Contest". We received six stories in total, all of which had something notable to offer, but not all of them could be featured, and so we've narrowed it down to three winners in total -- first place, second place, and third place. These top three stories are all posted here, in full, in this week's newsletter. There is also an "honorable entry", to which a link will be provided.

The fan fiction winners' entries almost took up the entire issue, but, surprisingly, there was still enough room to include all of the main fandom news. From a birthday list to glovecest, we're on top of all the latest happenings in the fandom! •

Did You Know?

This month celebrates Swag Once-ler's sixth month anniversary!

First Place Winner - "Disguise"

We present here to you the first place winner of the contest! Rated 'G', "Disguise" is both believable and beautifully written.

The Lorax sat atop the tufts of a truffula tree. He surveyed the area, behind him, the forest seemed normal, untouched, and teeming with life. Before him, however was a wasteland. The land was grey and barren. Only a handful of trees remained. He sighed and looked over his shoulder again. This last patch of forest was all that was left; the last glimmer of hope that things might return to the way they were before. It was his job to protect what was left; it couldn't protect itself. He slid down the thin trunk of the tree, and his feet landed in a patch of dying grass. He noticed a family of barbaloots staring out into the distance with worried eyes. They all stood in mourning for the devastation of the majority of the truffula valley, and their eyes kept a close watch on the ominous factory in the distance. The Lorax stared at it in rage. "Beanpole, you broke your promise." He muttered to himself. His eyes then got wide as an idea struck him like

~ From generosity to greediness. ~

lightning. "I think it's time I paid my old acquaintance a visit..." Some time later, the Lorax and Lou, a heavyset barbaloot, stood near the entrance of the Thneed factory. A car approached the factory slowly, and they hid as quickly as they could. "Okay, here's the plan." The Lorax whispered to Lou. "You see that man driving up to the factory?" He gestured. "Uh-huh" Lou nodded. The Lorax then proceeded to whisper the entire plan in Lou's ear. Lou looked confusedly at him, obviously not having...

(cont. on pg. 4)

... understood a word. The Lorax yanked on his mustache in frustration. "Just follow my lead!" He demanded. The pair watched intently as the mysterious man stepped out of his car. He was a worker at the Thneed factory, a supervisor who wore a long trench coat and bowler hat every day. Lou and The Lorax remained unnoticed. The Lorax then located a good-sized stone, examined it, and hurled it toward the man. SMACK! Just as The Lorax had planned, the stone made a direct hit to the man's head, stumbled for a moment before toppling over on his back. The Lorax was relieved to know that he didn't actually kill the man, the hit was just enough to knock him out. They still had to work quickly before he would come to his senses. After a few minutes of diligent working, The Lorax's plan was falling into place. He stood on Lou's shoulders, the trench coat concealing most of them. The bowler hat was on his head. It was much too big for him, covering most of his face. This was perfect, they were perfectly disguised. The Lorax didn't worry about his mustache showing, there were a lot of humans with them, too, so it shouldn't be an issue, he figured. Stumbling, Lou shuffled around toward the door. The Lorax swayed, losing balance. "Hey! Hey! Hey! Easy, there!" He shouted. Eventually, they found their way inside. They walked past countless doors. As they passed one door, inside, The Lorax heard the distinct voice of The Once-Ler. "This is where we need to be." He whispered to Lou. They opened the door to an awkward silence. The silence lasted until The Lorax finally spoke. "S-sorry I'm late. I had a, uh, a thing... over at... a place." He choked out. The Once-Ler looked at the mysterious figure with confusion. "Do I know you?" He questioned. He wasn't buying it. "Oh, I'm new." The Lorax replied. The Once-Ler was still skeptical, but he didn't have any time to waste with this one; time is money. "Well, just take a seat, then... Your tardiness will affect your paycheck." He barked. "Duly noted, sir." The Lorax sighed in return, attempting to sit in a nearby chair. Lou and The Lorax tried to find a way to make their sitting look realistic, but they failed miserably and spent the better portion of 15 minutes trying to figure it out. Giving up, the Lorax interrupted the meeting. "Excuse me, sir, may I make a suggestion?" He started as an excuse to get everyone's attention. The Once-Ler sighed, "Fine, but make it quick, I'm supposed to be at a 'charity event' right after this." The use of the term "charity event" made the rest of the people in the room laugh. The Lorax cleared his throat and began to speak. "I know how you have described the Thneed as a...

... "fine thing that all people need." However, you seem to have looked over what people *really* need. While this business has been successful, you have been destroying acres upon acres of this valley. Have you even taken into consideration the sheer amount of homes you've ruined? The barbaloots, the swomee swans, even the little humming fish are all forced to live in the tiny amount of forest that's left. And, even there, they're not safe! I know that you're just going to destroy that, too!" He was almost on the verge of tears at this point. He was still surprised that The Once-Ler hadn't stopped him by now. He thought, perhaps, maybe he was getting through to him. He continued, "It's not too late to start over, though! You can stop this right now! If we start re-planting the forest, maybe we can restore the truffula valley to what it once was! But if you just get rid of all of them, then there's no chance of it ever coming back!" The Once-Ler stood there in astonishment. There was an embarrassed silence as the Once-Ler stared at this unknown man. This man who had the gall to walk into his first meeting and make a speech like that. "You remind me of an old friend I once had. Always trying to stifle my vision." The Once-Ler's surprise quickly escalated into rage. He turned to his chart that was previously being used for the meeting. It had an arrow that started out flat, then went up steeply. "Let me just explain my... (cont. on pg. 5)

For he's a jolly good Once-ler...

The Lorax, or, as the Once-ler calls him, the "Furry Meatloaf".

"Disguise" - Continued

... view in this way." He gestured to the chart. "This chart represents the number of craps I don't give. As you can see, they have significantly risen over the last few moments." He tried hard not to chuckle at his own joke. He threw the chart aside. Behind it, was another chart that was the opposite. The arrow starts out flat, then drops down to zero. "While this chart" He gestured "represents the number of craps I ***do*** give." He said, approaching the table. "They, on the other hand," He began to climb up on the table. He was walking across the table. The Lorax was filled with horror. Was he going to hit him? Would he try to take his hat off? Did he realize who it was in the trench coat? The Once-Ler was still fuming as he stomped across the table, he didn't notice that he was leaving footprints on important documents and knocked over a hot coffee into one of his employee's laps. "Have just hit rock bottom..." He whispered intimidatingly, crouching down so that he was face-to face with the mustached newcomer. "**ZEROOOOOOO**!" He screamed in his face with a menacing smile. The Lorax jumped back. Lou flew out of the seat. The two were sent tumbling to the ground. Without leaving the trench coat, they tried their best to scramble toward the door. At this point, there was no standing up without getting caught. As they finally were able to open the conference room door and crawl their way out, the Once-Ler shouted "**YOU'RE FIRED**!" Lou and The Lorax marched their way back to the little truffula patch, their heads hanging low. The Lorax looked at Lou. "There's no getting through to him. I guess he was right before... it's never, ever, ever... ever going to stop..." Lou started to quietly sob into the Lorax's shoulder while he tried to comfort him with a pat on the back. It wasn't until that day that The Lorax had the grim realization that his efforts of trying to protect his valley were only in vain. It wouldn't be long until everything was gone. He gazed into the still-alive part of the forest and knew that it would be gone in a matter of time. He was only brought into the truffula valley once it needed his help. He came with one purpose alone: to protect it from becoming what he saw it becoming before his eyes. It was a somber thought, and he didn't want to admit it, even to himself. But, *he was failing in his duties as a guardian.* •

"Disguise" was written by fandom member **tookieloocookies**. Although her story went a little over the word count, it shined in the way it was constructed. The situation and dialogue are believable, and the individuals are in character. Well done! •

Second Place Winner - "Digital Love"

From "alltheendsoftheearthler" comes a humorous little tale that combines several animated characters into one story!

The Onceler surveyed the club while he waited for his date, trying to find something to distract himself with. There certainly was plenty to look at. From his booth in the wall he watched the under-lit dance floor, where a host of partygoers danced to the beats Wall-E and Eve laid out. Above, a network of speakers and lights blared and rotated. No expense was spared building the Digital Dive – the CGI world's response to the Ink and Paint Club's all-but-outright ban on admitting computer-generated characters into its hallowed premises. "Mr. Onceler? Your party has arrived." The Onceler jerked out of his reverie. One of the Madagascar penguins had arrived, with his date in tow. The Onceler took a deep breath and stood up. "Uh, hello," He held out his hand. "I'm the Onceler." The Princess of Dunbroch and star of Pixar's 13th feature, grinned broadly. "Merida." She grabbed his hand and shook it fiercely. "Nice t'meetcha at last." She let go and plopped down in the seat opposite his. "I'll have a Nutella milkshake," she fired at the penguin before turning back to him. "What d'ye drink?" The Onceler slid into his own seat, nerves jangling. "Pepsi, please." He said at last.

~ From generosity to greediness. ~

The penguin departed, shutting the booths. The Onceler still couldn't believe Gru had set this date up. A social hierarchy undeniably reigned under the surface solidarity. Merida was critically acclaimed Pixar, and a Disney Princess to boot. He was Illumination, the Little Universal Upstart That Could, and a hated adaptation of a Dr. Seuss classic cult following notwithstanding. It didn't help that she was very pretty - a slight girl, dressed in a velvet gown, hair forming a great curly red halo around her pale face. Her blue green eyes sized him up like a piece of meat.

"So ah heard ya make a better princess than me." She said at last. This was off to a lovely start.

"Well, I..."

(cont. on pg. 4-2)

"Ya certainly look better in a dress than me." She smirked. "Ah've seen the fanart." Why did everyone feel the need to bring up the fanart? The rest of the Illumination crew hadn't stopped mocking him for it ever since Margo googled "Onceler Rule 34". "Those were not affiliated with me and done without my express permission. Besides," he added, trying to sound more suave than he felt. "I'm like Jessica Rabbit, I can't help it if I was drawn sexy." "Ah yes very sexy," She said with a laugh. "You know it." He tried to do a sassy head wobble, but it felt more like his neck had a spasm. He wondered if it looked that way too. "Ah well, ah s'ppose ah can't mock you too much for your porn." She took a sip of water. "Ah was on Tumblr t'other day, saw something o' me that would have made a priest blind. Practically made me blind, now that ah think 'bout it." The Onceler considered asking Merida what it was, but refrained. "Well…I guess in this day and age, you can't really avoid it. Kind of an occupational hazard, with rule 34 and all." She nodded. "Aye. But still…always seems like no matter how jaded y'get to it, 'long comes another pic t'make ye weep blood." To the Onceler's relief the penguin arrived with the drinks just then. He began drowning his sorrows in caffeine and sugar. Merida sipped her milkshake and made a face. "Is it bad?" "It's good, just fillin'." She pushed the drink towards him. "Help me finish this. If ah tried to drink it all myself, I'd explode." The Onceler hesitated, uncomfortable with putting his lips just where her own had been before. "Uh – " "Here," She picked up another straw and stuck it in, then spun the drink around. "Iffen you're worried 'bout germs have a fresh one." "I didn't – okay, here," He bent forward, head over the drink. "I'll give it a shot." No sooner had he put the straw in his mouth, Merida bent over and drunk from the shake as well, her face a mere inch from his. The Onceler let go, startled by her sudden nearness. "Aw, don't be shy." She smiled. "Ah never shared a malt with a boy before." She began to drink again, watching him, eyes big and seemingly without guile. His eyes suddenly narrowed. "I'm not shy. I'll prove it." Boldly, he put his mouth back on the straw and drank, looking Merida right in the eye. This close he felt her curls brush against his forehead, soft and ticklish. He could practically count the freckles spread across her cheeks and nose. It was a rather cute nose, round and upturned like a button. He only had to move a bit closer, and his forehead would be pressed against hers, their noses touching… Suddenly, Merida pulled back, eyes turned towards the door. The muffled sound of *Digital Love* streamed through. "Ah LOVE this song! C'mon!" She grabbed his hand and pulled him up. Before the Onceler had registered the fact he was actually holding hands with Merida he found himself on the dance floor, Merida dancing in front of him. "Dance!" She shouted over the music, laughing. "Shake that famous arse of yours!" He laughed in spite of himself. "I don' t know if you can handle it." "Let's check." Without warning she reached around and pinched his behind, making him yelp. "Yeah," she said, letting go. "I think I can." The Onceler rubbed the spot where she pinched, trying to process how he just got fondled...

... by a Disney Princess. Merida blithely continued to dance, hair flying everywhere as she bobbed her head in time to the music. Good Lord she could kill someone waving her hair like that. The thought made him laugh again, and he began to dance, swinging his hips to the beat. If she thought one grope meant she was ready to handle his ass, she was going to have another thing coming. •

Alltheendsoftheearthler is a fandom member who enjoys taking characters from several animated universes and bringing them together to make for some most interesting situations. Her story won second place for using an interesting idea and turning it into a read that is both very humorous and enjoyable. We thank her for submitting it! •

Third Place Winner - "Pondering"

A rather touching, albeit bittersweet, tale, "Pondering" focuses in on the Lorax and the Once-ler in his old age.

It was a calm evening in the Truffula Valley, the sun just starting to sink under the hills. Two figures were watching this sunset; an old man and an even older guardian of the forest. Around them were some of the animals; a few bar-ba-loots lying around, eating some fruit while the humming fish gently hummed some soothing songs. The Swomee-swans were flying overhead before they settled into their nests for the night, giving off their own version of a final melody.

"I missed this." The voice broke the silence in the valley, its old, muffled tones coming through quite clear in the fading day. His friend looked up at him, a pondering look on his face. "What do ya mean by that Beanpole?" The old salesman looked down, a small amount of regret in the blue-grey orbs.

"I mean I missed this. I should have listened to you all those years ago. The valley was beautiful when I first got here and in five short years I destroyed it all. I should have…I should have listened to you."

"What brought this up all of a sudden?" Lorax asked, wondering what was going through the old man's mind.

~ From generosity to greediness. ~

"Do you even wonder what would have happened if I have listen and not cut down the trees? Or even kept making Thneeds but not cutting them down, or how about not having my family come?! Anything would have been better than what really happened." The man moved to stand up now, but stopped when he felt someone touch his leg. It was the Lorax, with a look on his face clearly saying that he should not walk away from this.

"A lot of things could have happened. One being that we would be sittin' here right now, the trees being taller and the same ones from before, and...

(cont. on pg. 4)

... you not bein' all mopey about it." "That's not what I meant, well … maybe a little. I mean, what if I had given up on the Thneed, would you have let me stay? Or would I have to leave? And if I had told my family no, what would you have done? Would we be friends like we are now or…." The Lorax moved his arms in a crossing motion, trying to get the other to slow down. "Woah, woah, woah there Beanpole? Why are ya wondering all this right now? That's just not like you. And for the record, I would have let you stay, and even if your family had left, you still could have stayed then too. Seriously, what brought this up?" This time the old man sighed and then stood up, walking back inside his home. "You just wonder about things like that when you get older, what you could have done and what you did. I just had years to focus on the 'what I did', so now all that's left is 'what could have happened'." He snorted, and walked up the stairs, the Lorax following behind him "I guess I wish I could know. Anyway, ignore my rambles, I'm just getting old. See ya in the morning Mustache." He walked into his bedroom, half shutting the door. "…yea. Night Beanpole." That night Once-ler had dreams of what could have happened, many filled with him living in a small cottage in the middle of the forest, the animals coming inside for pancakes, and then later in the day knitting outside, watching them all run around. Some had him working in a music shop in town, or a bakery, having fun and making friends. In all they were wonderful, if not a little bittersweet, dreams that made the Once-ler smile while he slept.

The next morning was silent, as if the animals knew what had happened. The Lorax slowly made his way to his friend's room, needing to see with his own eyes the truth. He had felt it, but a part of him didn't want to believe it. He opened the door, and at first it looked like he was just asleep, but the closer the guardian got, the more he noticed the differences. His chest wasn't rising, and there was no noise coming from the mattress like normal, for although he slept like a log, the old bed picked up his movements from breathing. The guardian touched him, but quickly pulled his hand back. The man was ice cold. The Once-ler had passed on. The Lorax hung his head down in grief, but then noticed the smile on the other's face, and realized that he was in a better place now, and he had passed quietly and happily, and there wasn't much another else could ask for. The Lorax took a breath, wanting to say something to his friend. "Good-bye Beanpole. I'm goin' ta miss ya."

He left the room, left the Lerkim, and waited for Ted to appear to tell him the news. While he waited he could have sworn he heard the sound of a guitar being played, and a young voice filling the air. When he looked around though, no one was there. •

~ Honorable Mention / Thanks to all of those who entered the contest!! ~

Honorable Mention

We do have one more story that I'd like to give a mention to, and that is "All Downhill From Here", a story featuring the Lorax and the Once-ler, and written by **lolitaonceler**:

https://www.box.com/s/to54y5n9cafakmot3cf5

Below are the links to the first, second, and third place winners' fan fiction entries, respectively.

"Disguise"

http://tookieloocookies.tumblr.com/post/29125742464/fanfic-disguise

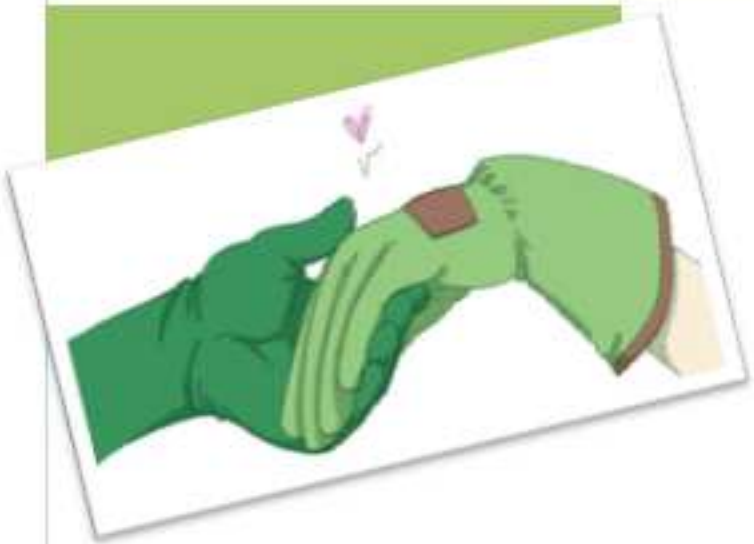
"Digital Love"

http://alltheendsoftheearthler.tumblr.com/post/31719685966/more-meridler-from-me

"Pondering"

http://ambygs123.tumblr.com/post/31708792275/pondering

Many thanks go to all of those who entered the contest, both to those of you who won and who didn't! I enjoyed reading all of your stories, whether or not it was a winner. Never stop writing! •



Graves and Gloves

Never is there a dull moment in the Lorax fandom. Where one moment the dash board will be dry, the next moment it will be coated with artwork, a running series of jokes, or dramatic ask blog events. Today, we cover such topics as a member birthday list, a Wiki page made specifically for the fandom, and the Glovecest "movement"!

Fandom Wikipedia

That's right, fandom. Thanks to the diligent efforts of our good member **Joukai**, as well as assistance from a fair few other members, the Once-ler fandom now has its own Wikipedia page! It hosts a healthy number of subjects, listing everything from ask blogs to information on the Camp Weehawken events.

Check it out here:

http://onceler-fandom.wikia.com/wiki/Once-ler_Fandom_Wiki

Birthday List

It may not list every member, but those of you wanting to know someone's birthday will find this very handy:

http://travelingmadness.tumblr.com/post/23758635233/the-birthday-list

Glovecest

No topic is too odd, nor any type of artwork too quixotic, in this creative and wacky fandom of ours. Want carrot cake wars? We have them. Hungry for a taste of a zombie apocalypse? It's there. The latest? Glovecest!

On Tuesday night, one of the fandom members (who goes by the name of **ineedathneed**) took a match and lit a fire when she ushered out a drawing of two gloved hands fondling one another. It wasn't long before other members joined in on the fun, and "Glovecest" was born. Two of many, many sketches can be seen on this page -- the one on the top is by member **Pumpkinfishes**, and the other is by **Adori/Wansura**. Some of you might want to check out the "glovecest" tag for more:

tumblr.com/tagged/glovecest

Obituary

It is with a heavy heart that we announce the "passing" of two ask blogs in the fandom. **Ask-the-1ce-ler** (fondly known as "1cie") and **Oncie-s** are now deceased ask blogs. It is a sad thing, and our condolences go out to those who knew them well. Perhaps one day they shall return to the fandom? No matter the case, we care about what happens to every lovely member of this fandom. •

Handcest, anyone?

Have something to say? Like the press? Send in your letters today!

What is your opinion of *The Unless Press*? Do you have a favorite article? A least favorite article? What, do you believe, could be done to improve this paper and make it more interesting? Is there something in particular you'd like to see? What do you like or dislike about the newsletter? I'd love to hear your opinions! Send in any comments and/or questions to *The Unless Press*. Your entry may be featured!

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